"The Little Doctor"

Nellie Craib-Beighle.

5 Signed
5 00

To

Miss Cullen

with fond love.

Dr Nellie Berghle

San Francisco

Jan 25 — 97

DR. NELLIE CRAIB-BEIGHLE.

"OUR LITTLE DOCTOR"

HELEN CRAIB-BEIGHLE

AND THE

MAGIC ✣ POWER

OF HER

ELECTRIC HAND

BY J. J. OWEN

Late Editor of the "GOLDEN GATE," and Author of "OUR SUNDAY TALKS," "SPIRITUAL FRAGMENTS," "PSYCHOGRAPHY," etc.

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TO THE LOVING BAND OF SPIRITS,

WHO HAVE EVER

PATIENTLY AND SUCCESSFULLY

AIDED

"THE LITTLE DOCTOR" IN HER GREAT WORK

OF ALLEVIATING HUMAN SUFFERING,

THIS VOLUME IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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PREFACE.

THERE are many lives unwritten whose histories would be helps and guides to other lives. The truest philanthropist and humanitarian is not always the one who, dying, leaves the most money to found some great university of learning, or whose deeds are blazoned to the world as the works of some great public benefactor, but rather the one who does the most to alleviate human suffering, and who gives of his life to others in doing good. He who carries the balm of sympathy to sorrowing souls, who imparts health to the sick, and ever blesses others with the electric touch and breath of a gentle, loving nature, whose daily life is a daily inspiration to other lives, is more worthy of a monument to his memory than the

one whose wealth, acquired in the fierce competition of the world, and often by questionable means, when no longer serviceable to its owner, and cannot be taken with him into the Beyond, is left to public charity.

To the "Little Doctor," as she is familiarly known by her many friends, or the woman with the electric hand, Nellie Craib-Beighle, whose life and works are a constant blessing to others, we offer this humble tribute. Although she is yet in the full vigor of her wonderful powers, and in the flush and flower of a perfectly-rounded womanhood, it is not too soon to erect a monument to commemorate her worth and usefulness to the world. Therefore, to her many friends, and the many yet to be her friends, this volume is respectfully and kindly inscribed by

THE AUTHOR.

HEALING BY SPIRIT OR ELECTRIC POWER.

THE enlightened world has come to accept the potency of a healing power that in unnumbered instances has wrought for suffering mortality what no medication of the apothecary's art was able to accomplish—a power inhering in the human organism of certain gifted persons, and supplied from that hidden source of all life and health which cannot be ignored in the marvelous economy of life. This power has been manifested in all ages and all conditions of life. The gentle Teacher of Galilee frequently practiced it, and with wonderful effect. The blind were made to see, the deaf to hear, and the supposed

dead to arise and go their ways rejoicing. And "greater things," He declared should they, his followers, do, who kept the faith, or, rather, who lived in harmony with the laws of their being.

Thus there have arisen at times, along the line of human history, many remarkable healers, endowed with wonderful powers—men and women who have wrought miracles, or what seemed so, to thousands of the lame, halt, and variously afflicted who have thronged to their presence, and many of whom have left their crutches, canes, and other appliances of affliction, and gone forth healed. So generally is this fact recognized that there is no city or town, and scarcely a rural community in the land where the magnetic or spirit healer cannot be found—not all alike

gifted and successful in every disease, but all more or less potent in certain cases or ailments. Regular physicians have sought, in some States, to procure legislation that would prevent these gifted evangels of health from exercising their powers, as they found this "irregular" way of restoring the sick to health was making serious inroads upon their revenues. Some of these "regulars" are so opposed to this unscientific method of curing disease that it is thought they would prefer that their patients should die in the "regular" way than be restored to health by any such questionable means—questionable only to the ignorant, or to those but little skilled in the laws that govern the complicated machinery of this temple and tenement of the human soul.

There are some physicians of the old schools who possess largely of this healing power, and to this fact is mainly due, unknown to themselves, any success that may attend their practice. The cool, magnetic hand upon the brow, the soothing touch of the truly magnetic physician is often more potent in assuaging pain than all his drugs, and, indeed, among the best and most skillful of the regular physicians the curing of disease by excessive medication is becoming almost unknown. Pure air, change of location, healthful exercise and surroundings, proper food, etc., are the palliatives mostly used now by the wise physician. Dr. Astley Cooper, the medical guide of the "Little Doctor," Dr. Abernithy, Dr. Benjamin Rush, and others of our most eminent physicians,

used less and less medicines as they grew in wisdom and experience, and had less and less confidence in the sanitary operation of their drugs upon the human system.

The world is beginning to learn that there is a subtle something about a human being, greater than the being's self, that may be acted upon by spirit or magnetic forces to its advantage. This is the true mind cure. It will yet be found in the higher unfoldment of the race, a sovereign remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to. We are yet groping upon the shore of an unbounded sea of knowledge, relating to the spiritual and physical nature of man, whose waters reach beyond the realm of time and lave the feet of the eternal Spirit of Nature.

Man is subject to a higher power, whether that power be his own spiritual nature or the spirit outside and independent of his own nature. One may be something of a healer in his or her own spirit powers; how much more so when aided by other spirit forces in touch and sympathy with his own.

Dr. Nellie Craib-Beighle, the subject of this volume, is not only a powerful healer in herself, but she is the willing instrument of a band of spirit workers who are able to work through her the most astonishing results. She is also endowed with a peculiar feature belonging to no others of this class of healers —an electric right arm and hand with which she performs all of her arduous and magic work. This arm, from the shoulder to the tips of her fingers,

seems to be charged with electricity. The touch of her hand conveys to some sensitive natures a powerful shock. It is like a battery charged with what Bulwer would call *vril*. The source of this force seems to be inexhaustible. She seemingly never tires. While standing upon her feet from eight to ten hours at a time she moves from one patient to another, giving to each the special treatment her guides prescribe—rubbing, pounding, electrifying, etc., and all with that wonderful electric hand. And when night comes she has, perhaps, a number of patients to visit in different parts of the city who are too ill to go to her office, where she has every convenience for a large number of patients, and she must needs go to them. At a late hour she returns to her home

and the companionship of her faithful guides, where she receives the baptism of strength for another day's work. And thus for many years, she has pursued her work in the great City of San Francisco, bringing health and happiness to many a home.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

THE history of our famous healers is well worth preserving in the literature of the country. They are too often neglected, or their deeds left to the ephemeral record of the daily press.

Miss Helen Craib, or the "Little Doctor," as she is now called, is the youngest of seven sisters, all living. She came of good, healthy ancestry. She was born in Canada, in 1851, of Scotch parents. Her mother dying when she was but two years of age, she was taken and cared for by an elder sister, who, five years later, when Nellie was seven years of age, brought her to California. She was tenderly reared and educated. She was a bright, beautiful, and gentle miss, apt in her school studies and music,

and winning warm friends among all her associates.

Her earlier years were marked by no striking event except the occasional foreshadowing of her spirit powers in visions and inspirations. In times of sorrow and trouble "the sky would open," as she thought and expressed it, and she would catch a glimpse of her mother and other spirit comforters, who would bring peace to her mind. She grew in wisdom and in the graces of a refined and gentle womanhood until she was eighteen years of age, when she was engaged as a teacher in one of the public schools of Sacramento County, where she taught with marked success. She has a peculiar winning and loving way with children. It was impossible for a pupil not to love her.

Our "Little Doctor" was educated in the iron-clad creed of the Presbyterian Church, and, being naturally of a religious nature, she clung to that faith as to the ark of safety. She entertained strong prejudices against Spiritualism, not knowing anything, of course, of its phenomena or its merits as a system of religious belief. She believed it all to be the tricks of the juggler, or a device of Satan to lure souls to destruction!

In 1871, Miss Craib was united in marriage with George W. Beighle, who was employed in a commercial house in San Francisco. Soon thereafter they made their residence in San Francisco, where they have resided almost continuously ever since. Her husband was greatly opposed to Spiritualism, and this operated to intensify her own oppo-

sition. At the same time there was ever a strong desire, which she could not repress nor understand, to investigate spiritual phenomena. This struggle became at times, in her own mind, really painful, unfitting her for her domestic duties. But her obedience to her early education and to the requirements of the church to which she belonged, prevailed over the promptings of the invisibles, who had evidently intended her for the work in which she afterwards became so proficient.

While residing in Oakland in the year 1879, Mrs. Beighle was urgently invited to attend a spiritual seance at the residence of a neighbor and join a circle for mediumistic development. This was the trying ordeal to her of blind obedience to her religious training,

and that prompting from within her own spirit to assert her independence of an ecclesiastical authority founded upon ignorance of the spiritual laws of her own being. She at first sought for some reasonable excuse for refusing the invitation, but the words refused to take shape upon her tongue. A power and influence over her, hitherto unknown to her, prompted her to assent, and she consented to join the circle.

There were but three persons present at that first sitting; and indeed it was a memorable occasion, as it changed the whole current of her thoughts, and was eventually to lead up to a life-work, the nature of which she then but little dreamed, and which was to be the means of assuaging the ills of the sick and afflicted in a most wonderful manner,

Mrs. Beighle sat in a quiet and passive manner for a few minutes, when her right hand began to vibrate with painful rapidity, an indication that some spirit was endeavoring to obtain control of her hand and arm for the purpose of writing. A lady present placed paper and pencil within reach of the disturbed member, when she immediately wrote in quite legible characters several communications purporting to come from her spirit mother, who had passed on to her spirit home in the early infancy of the daughter. These messages revealed the personality of the mother in a most conclusive manner. They foretold many things that would happen in the early future, one of which was that she and her family, including her husband and two beautiful young daughters, would

remove within two months to San Francisco. As they owned their home in Oakland, and had no occasion to move, they could not understand how the prediction could be realized. But events shaped favorably, and within the time mentioned they became residents of San Francisco. Another prediction was that within ten days she would be in possession of the gift of clairvoyance, which also proved true, and which gift she has been able to exercise with great clearness and precision ever since. We may also state here that the spirit mother who manifested her presence in so surprising a manner at her first sitting, has ever attended her since and been her constant companion and assistant in all her work of healing.

Other mediumistic gifts came to

Mrs. Beighle in quick succession, all of which were no doubt intended to be incident to the great work for which her spirit guides were fitting her. The history of her further development we shall speak of in connection with her crowning gift of the spirit known as the electric hand.

THE "LITTLE DOCTOR'S" ELECTRIC HAND.

FROM thenceforward the development of this wonderful healer was most rapid. Following the gift of clairvoyance came that of trance mediumship, which brought her many painful experiences. A spirit representing himself to be Thomas Starr King, and who soon impressed his well-known and beautiful personality upon her in a most positive and convincing manner, worked upon her for some time with the view to fitting her for the public rostrum. She was thrown into frequent conditions of trance closely resembling death, in which she remained so long that her friends became seriously alarmed, and

were obliged to resort to stimulants and severe friction to restore her. Notwithstanding these painful experiences she made considerable progress in trance speaking, giving lengthy and able lectures on metaphysical and other subjects, much after the style of her distinguished control when in the form, together with psychometric delineations of character. But this form of development being distasteful to her, she implored her spirit guides to relieve her of its painful and oppressive burdens. Had she continued in this line of unfoldment a while longer, we doubt not its unpleasant features would have disappeared, and one of the grandest of platform speakers would have been added to our noble list of speakers. The gifted spirit of the great pulpit orator

has been her companion and friend through all the years of her marvelous work.

Then followed some two years of toil in various phases of mediumship. Her ever faithful guides assured her that her work had not been in vain, and that they were preparing her for a grander field of labor than she had ever yet dreamed of. She next sought for the gift of independent slate-writing. Her development of the power of clair-audience came to her unexpectedly some time afterward, showing that her work in that direction had not been in vain.

She had now firmly resolved to sit for the phase of independent writing, a gift then very rare among psychics. She visited Mrs. Francis, through whom her guides gave her explicit instructions as

to the time and manner of sitting. She devoted one hour daily for an entire year to this phase of development. At times she was discouraged to the point of despair at the small progress she seemed to make; but she was ever encouraged and cheered onward by her faithful spirit guides, who were evidently preparing her all this time for another field of work which they thought best to withhold from her consciousness until the proper time came for its revealment.

Some time in the fall of 1879 she discovered that she possessed the gift of healing, and it came to her with the revelation that a most singular power had taken possession of her right arm. A lady friend had called upon her to obtain the assistance of her guides in some business matters, when the me-

dium, moved by spirit influence, was prompted to examine the ailments of which she complained. The lady pronounced her diagnosis correct in every respect. Immediately thereafter Mrs. Beighle was impressed to place her right hand (in which she for the first time experienced a strange prickly sensation) upon the head of the lady, who was startled by experiencing severe shocks as from an electric battery. At the same time she began chattering in an unknown tongue, supposed to be Egyptian.

On account of the religious prejudices of her husband and friends against everything that bore the semblance of Spiritualism, Mrs. Beighle kept the revelation of her new gift to herself for awhile. A short time thereafter she

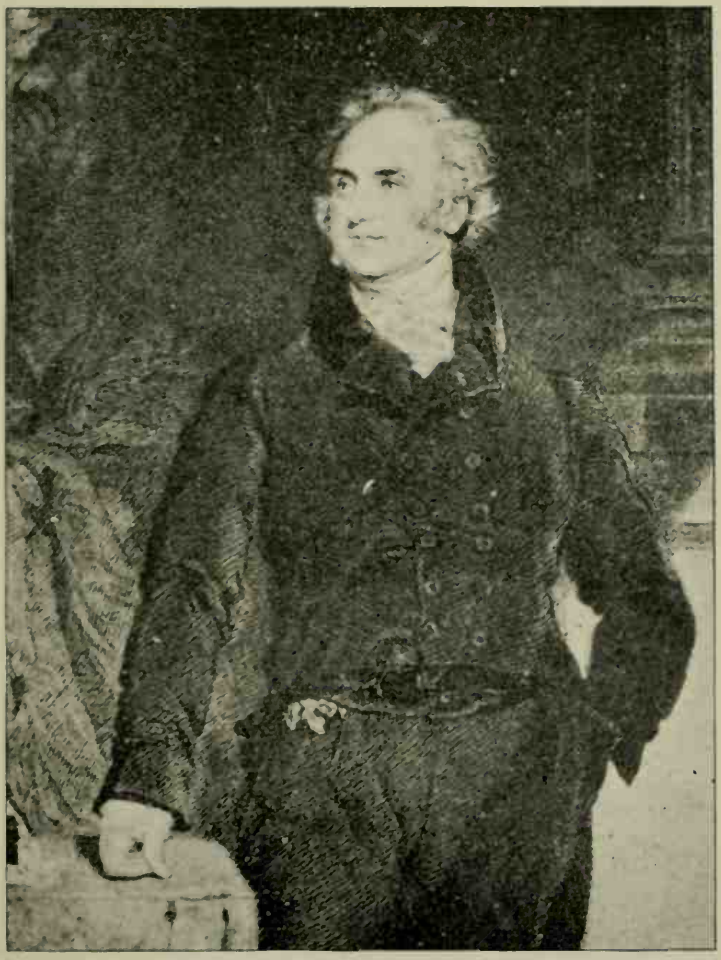
treated her brother's wife, who had been given up by the regular physicians as hopelessly incurable with a supposed cancer. Her new Egyptian guide impressed her to manipulate the afflicted part with her electric hand, which she did, and after five treatments the suffering lady was fully restored to health. This triumph was not only an amazing surprise to the attending physician and the friends of the patient, but also astonished the "Little Doctor" greatly.

Here was the field, the medium now felt, in which she was to work, and for which all her previous development had been preparatory. Her wonderful electric hand was to her a constant source of astonishment and delight. Its healing power had increased, and she was inspired with confidence to go

forward in her work. Possessing a remarkably sympathetic and loving nature, she seemed better adapted to this work than to any other, as the alleviation of human suffering so fully accorded with her gentle and sensitive nature. Besides, it seemed to accord more fully with the life and work of the great Teacher, towards whom her religious nature turned,—He who went about healing the sick and doing good. Her aim in life was to do good, and how could she better live the life of Him she sought to imitate than by allaying human suffering, and at the same time teaching those spiritual truths calculated to make the world better? The desire to help somebody was ever uppermost in her mind. Her charities kept her poor. Money was nothing to her save

as an instrument for the relief of others in deeper poverty.

The Doctor's chief medical adviser and guide is an English physician known as Sir Astley Cooper. He was an eminent physician and surgeon of London, England, who, having been knighted, afterward bore the title given him. He is a noble, gentle soul, and is ever present as the leader of a band of spirit physicians, to give a correct diagnosis of all cases submitted to her. Her diagnosis of disease through this grand medical expert is most complete. He never makes a mistake, and communicates his conclusions to her clairaudient ear as clearly as though he were still on the mortal plane. It is thus she holds communion with all of her guides —they speak to her in spirit and her



SPIRIT SIR ASTLEY COOPER.

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own spirit hears and understands. Her electric hand goes directly to the seat of the disease.

She was now fully prepared, after long trials and many discouragements, to enter upon her life-work of healing the sick; but her husband still objected to her becoming a public healer. This threw a cloud of disappointment over her spirit. But her angel guides, who had brought her thus far on her way to a life of great usefulness, were not to be baffled by a husband's objections. They resolved to remove these objections, which they did in the following manner: A bookkeeper in the store in which her husband was employed as a salesman, in the early part of 1883, was sorely afflicted with a continuous and severe throbbing pain in his head, the cause of

which those gentlemen of the medical profession having cognizance of the case were unable to agree. After communicating to her the foregoing facts, her husband promised to yield his consent for her to practice healing by spirit power as a profession, if she would locate the seat of the trouble and restore his friend to health. A diagnosis indicated the kidneys as the seat of the disease which caused the pain in his head, and after three weeks treatment with her magic hand the invalid friend of her husband was restored to perfect health.

Though a firm believer in the principles and philosophy of Spiritualism, our "Little Doctor," out of deference to the wishes and advice of her religious friends, did not deem it best to blazen

that fact to the world in connection with her work, as it might repel many good people who needed her services. And yet she was ever ready to impart to all seekers after truth, and all who were ready for the light of the new faith, the knowledge of the new gospel which had wrought such wonderful things in her own life. She did not even avail herself of the power of the press to herald the wonders of her magic hand to the world. She had little need, in fact, to resort to that means to fill the measure of her time for work, as one cure followed another in such rapid succession, that she soon had all she could possibly do, and her fame rapidly spread throughout the city and coast. Invitations poured in from other parts for her to visit other locali-

ties, but having all the patients she could possibly attend to at home, she could see no need for going abroad.

Near the close of the year 1883, so great was the demand upon her powers that her control, after due notice of his intentions, rendered her electric hand powerless for healing for the period of three months, for the purpose of enabling her to take a much-needed rest. But she had no sooner resumed work in the spring of '84, with her strength and healing powers restored, than patients came to her in such numbers that she was liable to be soon again overworked. She changed her location from the Baldwin Hotel to a more retired part of the city, to avoid the people, but patients followed her in great numbers, and in September, 1885, her faithful

spirit control, Dr. Cooper, informed her that she must prepare to take another rest, and make engagements with that object in view. He said that on the last day of December of that year, at twelve o'clock noon, the power to heal would again be taken from her, and would not be restored until the same hour on the twenty-second day of March following, all of which occurred precisely as predicted. At the hour named for the return of her powers, she found her electric hand and arm charged with that mysterious force that had already wrought so much good, and she was again ready for her angel ministrations.

Our "Little Doctor" knows the value of cheerful surroundings and conversation. When treating the sick her spirits seem to rise with the occasion. She is

a brilliant conversationalist, witty, jovial, and full of quaint sayings. The invalid forgets his pain in her presence, and ere he is aware the magic hand has done its work, and he goes away with praises on his tongue for the evangel of health and mercy who has relieved him of his pains.

All of the Doctor's healing powers appear to lie in her electric hand and forearm, extending a few inches above the elbow. Every patient experiences a peculiar sensation upon the application of her electric hand, according to his or her respective conditions and needs. The late Judge John A. Collins, a noble philanthropist and thinker, who made the "Little Doctor's" healing power a careful study, classified these sensations as follows:

1. Soft, pleasant, and soothing.
2. Dry, rough, and husky.
3. Damp and chilly.
4. Dry, heating, and prickling.
5. Damp, with penetrating heat.
6. Scratching and irritating sensations like the operation of a fine-toothed curry-comb.
7. Sticky, mucilaginous matter with an irritating sensation, exhaling an odor sometimes pleasant and at others the very opposite.
8. Raising blisters from an eighth of an inch to three inches in diameter.
9. Producing reddish lines along the spine and scarlet spots over the deranged parts, and other phenomena too numerous and mixed to be easily particularized.

The "Little Doctor" carefully avoids any publicity of the cases submitted to her for treatment, lest any such should be embarrassed or annoyed by the sup-

position of their friends that they were giving endorsement to the somewhat unpopular vagaries of Spiritualism. She is a thorough Spiritualist, but she does not care to compel any unwilling endorsement of her belief. She treats all alike, and is entirely indifferent, as their healer, to their religious or non-religious opinions. Jews or Gentiles, Materialists or Spiritualists, Christians or heathens, it is all the same to her. Among her patients—and she has cured thousands—may be found not only the skilled and common toilers of the country, but also merchants, importers, bankers, manufacturers, editors, artists, lawyers, teachers, clergymen, physicians, judges, and representatives of about every department of business and society, not omitting millionaires, from almost

every county in California, and various towns and cities of the States and Territories of the Pacific Coast, to which number may be added many from the Atlantic States.

And her magic hand still maintains its cunning in presence of disease, and the ailments "that flesh is heir to" shrink from its electric touch as the mists and fogs of the darkness melt away and disappear before the healthful rays of the morning sun.

There is one fact concerning her treatment of patients that we have not yet mentioned. It is that she is surrounded, in critical cases, with a large band of spirits, arrayed in white robes, and with turbans upon their heads. They are of dark features, like Egyptians, of which race they probably are. They

are all powerful healers, and assist in that marvelous spirit chemistry of distilling from the elements such medicines as she may require, which medicines are passed through the electric hand of the "Little Doctor" to the patient and to the seat of the disease. This is a most singular feature of her method of treatment. These medicines are in the form of ointments or oils, some of which emit a strong pungent odor. This may seem incredible to those not familiar with the wonderful possibilities of the spirit; but to hundreds of her patients who have felt the manipulations of that electric hand it is an astonishing fact.

Intelligent, witty, and sprightly, generous and joyous, the "Little Doctor" is a splendid entertainer. She is sympathetic and tender, she has friends of all

who know her—never an enemy. She is a woman most richly endowed with all the graces of her sex. And when we add the divine gift of healing from her angel guides, which she possesses to such a marvelous degree, we may well point to her as "one among many" whom it were a delight to know and honor.

A WOMAN'S OPINION.

THE following article, entitled "Dr. Helen Craib-Beighle," written for the *Golden Gate*, in 1886, by Mrs. Mattie P. Owen, wife of the author, although touching upon some ground already traversed, is well worthy a place in this volume:

The tender cords of sympathy and admiration are always aroused when we see any noble woman struggling on this human sea of contending elements to carve out an honored destiny. There are so many obstacles which rise, mountain high, before the finely attuned and complex organism of woman, when she is obliged to come forth from the shelter of a quiet and retired home life to battle with a not too generous world. We have many instances, however, in this and all

ages, of woman's adequacy for every trial, when the supreme moment comes; such a one is the brave little heroine of this sketch.

Mrs. Beighle is a native of Canada, but was only eight years old when she removed to San Francisco with an elder sister, having lost her mother at the early age of two years. In the free, pure air of California she blossomed into girlhood and to womanhood. The old superstitious idea that the seventh daughter was the specially favored of the gods seems to have been a veritable truth in this instance, as little "Helen" was the seventh daughter in the Craib home.

The Craib family from which Mrs. Beighle is a descendant was of Scotch descent, and belonged to the old Scotch Covenanters, in which faith she was reared and trained. Although a religion too cold and rigid to find lodg-

ment in the warm young heart of "Helen," who from the early years of childhood seemed to have a life something apart from her every-day surroundings, still she adhered to the doctrine to which she had been taught from youth. She often saw wondrous visions and had strange experiences, which many times she kept closely locked in her own breast; and, later on, these visions became more real—she would describe scenes and events at a distance with marvelous accuracy. On one occasion she saw her sister's home many miles distant, and read, as if on the dial of time, circumstances of great import months before their occurrence.

Before marriage Miss Craib was a most successful teacher in the public schools of Sacramento County, where she was engaged in the profession of which she was an honored member up to the year 1871, when she was united

in marriage with Mr. George W. Beighle. From that time to the present Mr. and Mrs. Beighle have resided in San Francisco or adjoining cities. Two beautiful, intelligent girls was the gift to this union; Alice, the elder, is now fifteen, and Edna thirteen, both true, devoted daughters to their fond mother, who, like most of parents, live life over again in their children. Alice resides with her mother and is a great assistance to her in her public work. The younger attends one of our leading young ladies' seminaries in Oakland, the "Athens" of the Pacific Coast. [We may add that about two years ago the eldest daughter, Alice, was happily married and resides with her husband in Oakland, Cal., and that Edna has developed into a tall, graceful, and beautiful young lady, and is her mother's chief companion and assistant.—THE AUTHOR.]

A few years ago Mrs. Beighle was

made the astonished recipient of a marvelous and unexpected power; she found herself the possessor of a new faculty—found that she possessed the capabilities of diagnosing disease by the simple touch of her hand. Her right hand had been unexplainably converted, invisibly to human eyes, into an electrical mechanism through which the most subtle currents passed. These currents are as much finer than those produced by the ordinary electrical battery as the human mind can conceive. They are also varied in grade and quality. Sometimes the force is such that would shock and awaken a slumbering nerve into action which had been inactive for years; again it penetrates and interpenetrates the entire being as gently as an angel-balm fresh from the Master's hand.

Mrs. Beighle realized to the fullest degree the importance of this strange visitation, wherein she was to become a

ministering angel to the sick and suffering of earth. Can we wonder that she, with all her preconceived ideas, her early education and associations, should shrink from the acceptance of this work, opening up new avenues of thought and action? It requires courage and a mighty conviction of truth to stand up for principle's sake, when that conviction demands the alliance to an unpopular cause—a cause which her early education had prejudiced her against. From the first hour that she resolved to follow the guidance of this benign power, she has never once faltered, although she often found her strength severely tested. She met with scorn from many of her old friends, including even those bound by ties of kindred; but the grand "Little Doctor" remained firm to her first determination amidst all opposition.

It is difficult to comprehend that the human mind is fettered to such an ex-

tent by the iron band of ignorance, in this enlightened age of progress, as to fear a gift of such heavenly origin—fear and condemn that which gives back fast-fading life, restores to vigor of health the faint and sick-worn traveler, assuages physical torture and suffering in all forms.

The Doctor was true to every instinct of her noble nature, and went straight forward, "doing whatever the hand found to do;" an effort which was soon crowned with a glorious success. Hundreds came for counsel and treatment. Her practice soon equaled that of any physician in the city. Her office duties are now of such an extensive character as to make it impracticable for her to go out to visit the sick, only in exceptional cases. Her patients include the first families of this city, and from all parts of the State, in wealth, culture and refinement; and her amiability and noble-

ness of mind have endeared her to them by a thousand ties.

Mr. Beighle was very reluctant to have his wife become a professional healer, but having a near friend sorely afflicted, a case which the learned profession failed to master or understand, he promised his wife that if she would locate the seat of trouble, and restore to health his suffering friend, he would withdraw his objections to her practicing for the public. It is needless to say that within three weeks time his friend was completely restored to health.

It may interest our readers to know something of how the hand is used which works such wonders. The right hand and arm, to midway between the elbow and shoulder, is a veritable battery, wherein is concentrated an odic force of great curative power. It is entirely different from what is usually termed magnetic healing, in this particular, that

her physical magnetism does not enter into the treatments. It is a foreign force from any thing in her own organism. It is more properly called "spirit healing," what it really is; the force of spirit acting through the hand and arm. Those understanding the spiritual philosophy recognize that behind this force stand the skilled and unseen operators; a fact which no one can doubt, who once experiences the peculiar sensations accompanying the magical touch of those fingers.

The Doctor has no control whatever over the power, and twice since she possessed it the power has been withdrawn. On the first occasion it was suddenly snatched away, and Mrs. Beighle was greatly exercised therefrom. Her fears were allayed, however, by a familiar voice, which assured her that in due time it would be returned to her, with renewed strength; and so it

was in three months. The second time she knew when her "sweet employment" would be gone, to the very hour and moment, for five months before it occurred, and when it would return.

We have never known the Doctor to fail in correctly diagnosing a case, of the hundreds we have known who have sought her advice. In this particular she stands pre-eminent. Without asking a question, she will minutely describe your case, trace back twenty-five and thirty years to find the cause, and tell you all about it. She rarely promises to cure wherein she fails; and we believe these exceptions are largely accounted for in the failure of the patient to implicitly follow her directions. We could give numerous instances of marvelous cures, which might appear to the reader more like a fable than a reality; but we simply know that every week, right in this city, such cures

are being performed through the agency of Dr. Beighle. We could give a number of interesting cases, but for the fact that the persons who are benefited would naturally hesitate to have their names given to the public.

Among the most notable cures of which we have known the Doctor to effect, have been cases of paralysis and general nervous affections.

Some of her paralytic subjects had been sufferers for years. And we know a number of instances that within a few weeks were able to use the affected limbs with perfect ease. One very remarkable case came under our observation, that of a little child, about sixteen months old, who had lain in spasms, or rather from one spasm into another, for over six hours, when Doctor Beighle was called. From the instant she placed her hand on its poor tortured body, it became easy, and the spasms did not re-

occur. In a short time the little sufferer was capable of recognizing its grateful and delighted parents.

The angels could not have found a more faithful servant than this brave little lady; nor could she ask gifts more divine.

SCIENCE BAFFLED.

UNDER the double heading, "Dr. Nellie Beighle; Magnetic Power that Baffles the Entire Scientific World," one of the leading secular papers of San Francisco, the San Francisco *Call*, not long ago, contained the following article:

Through the medium of newspapers and the ordinary channels of advertising Dr. Nellie Beighle is never heard of.

She is, it seems, quite too reserved to meet the public in this way, and feels that it would be profaning her sacred art.

Yet Room 37 of the Flood Building is daily crowded with patients who seek the benefits of her healing art. [The "Little Doctor" has since removed to the new Donahue Building, corner of Taylor and Market Streets, where she has ten

treating-rooms, and is much better situated to practice her healing gift than she has ever been before.—THE AUTHOR.]

She is consequently known far and wide, her reputation having already extended to Europe, where solicitous friends have implored her to go for years, but she persistently refuses, stating that she prefers to heal her own people rather than to go into foreign lands.

Although possessed of a magnetic arm, which is the source of her power, she rejects the appellation of magnetic healer from the simple fact that the term is too widely known as being applied to people who are capable of sleight-of-hand performances for the purpose of producing illusions and fraud.

On entering the spacious apartments of Mrs. Dr. Beighle one is struck by the splendid appearance of the room. It is as gorgeous as the waiting-room of

a Turkish bathing establishment, and in the same manner surrounded by small rooms for the treatment of patients.

Miracles have been performed by her which she and those who have received the great benefits alone know of. Some of the most prominent people of the city have been actually snatched from the grave.

While she does not object to speaking of some of her most remarkable cures, she objects to the publication of their names without their personal consent.

The history of her case is recorded in several scientific works, because it is the only known case of the kind.

The lady, as she says, has been accused of fraud, which caused her intense mental anguish. So much so, in fact, that she not long since submitted to an examination by a committee of ladies. They returned a verdict to the effect that Mrs. Beighle possessed all the

powers that were claimed for her by her friends.

Her right forearm, including about three inches of the upper arm, is thoroughly magnetic.

By placing her hand on any part of the body of another the shock of electricity is strongly apparent. Forty patients a day can be treated by her and twelve cases examined. The power which this lady exhibits for diagnosing cases may well be ranked as the sixth sense. She seems to be a perfect fountain of perennial health, and is probably the most gifted healer in the world.

To a strong domestic nature she adds a love of art and music, her fine muscular endowment giving this capacity.

She was born in Canada near the city of Montreal, and came to California when she was but eight years of age.

Somewhat over ten years ago she came into possession of this wonderful

power. A lady friend visited her who was suffering from disease.

Mrs. Beighle felt an irresistible impulse to place her hand upon her. She did so, and in a short time the effect was startling. After that the power came stronger through the efficacy of prayer, as she believes. Later on she was compelled to treat hundreds who flocked to her side.

Spiritualism in its purity is her avowed religion, though she is not a spiritual preacher.

In her diagnoses she depends on a higher power to tell her of the seat of the disease of her patient. Then, if it is within her power, she treats the subject and always successfully.

Having been born of Scotch parents, the woman is strong, fresh and vigorous, with never-failing health.

The electricity in her arm, which is bared while treating patients, is a puzzle

to electricians. The moment she makes a circuit by touching another person while one is holding her hand, the battery, as it were, stops. This electricity will penetrate glass and be conducted by hair.

AN "IRREGULAR" REPLY TO A MEDDLESOME SOCIETY.

IN the fall of 1888 the "Little Doctor's" practice being very great, and the fame of her cures having aroused the envy and jealousy of the Old School practitioners, they sought to drive her from the field by intimations of prosecution for "illegal" practice. The first attempt was the last, and there is but little probability that it will ever be repeated. The following pertinent correspondence requires no further explanation:

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF EXAMINERS
Of the Medical Soc'y of California.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 1, 1888.

MRS. DR. N. BEIGHLE—

DEAR MADAM:—We have been informed that there is a Dr. Beighle practicing medicine at Market and Jones

Streets, and on looking over the records of this office, as well as the list of licentiates of the Homeopathic and Eclectic Boards of Examiners, we find no one of that name recorded.

No doubt you are in ignorance that it is against the law of the State to practice medicine without a license from one of the above mentioned Boards.

We are about to publish a Register of all the physicians practicing in this State, and we desire your name to appear among those licensed. Unless we are informed that you have been granted a legal license, we shall be compelled to include your name among the "Illegals."

Hoping that we may hear from you at your earliest convenience, as we shall go to press with the Register by December 1st, I am,

Yours respectfully,

CHAS. E. BLAKE, M. D., Sec'y.

431 Geary Street.

ANSWER.

CHAS. E. BLAKE, M. D., SEC'Y, etc.:— In view of the lamentable loss of human life, resulting from what is known as "regular" practice, I am proud to be recognized among what you term the "Illegals," where you will please place me.

As a large share of my practice is among those whom you, or your confreres, have declared to be incurable, but who, in their ignorance, prefer to be restored to health in an "illegal" and non-professional way, rather than yield up the ghost at your professional suggestion, you will pardon me if I do not choose to attach much importance to a membership in your State Society.

My license comes from a higher Board than any claimed by your Schools of Medicine; my diploma consists of the long list of names of those who have

"The Little Doctor's" Spirit Mother.

See Page 119.

been healed through the divinely endowed gifts I profess to practice.

As I use none of your methods, and avoid every appearance of imitating the same (from a sincere regard for the welfare of my patients), I cannot understand why your august body should trouble itself about me. I am,

Very respectfully, etc.,

DR. NELLIE BEIGHLE.

SOME APPROVING WORDS.

WE have heretofore stated that our "Little Doctor" never resorted to testimonials, or the use of advertising, to secure business. Although many times offered testimonials of cures, frequently of a most astonishing character, she would persistently decline to accept them, as she would not use them in extending a knowledge of her healing power. She shrank from the notoriety of the press, prompted by the natural timidity of a modest woman, and the further fact that her faithful spirit guides seldom failed to provide her with all the work she could possibly attend to. But in the fall of 1892, having devoted some fourteen years almost continuously to San Francisco,

she thought she would take a journey to some of the principal Eastern cities, in response to many earnest invitations to do so; hence, she announced her intention to close up her business and take her departure at an early day. It was then that scores of letters poured in upon her from devoted friends and patients urging her to forego her purpose and remain with them. At the same time many, thinking that if she went abroad some personal endorsements of her healing gifts might be advantageous in bringing her to an acquaintanceship with the afflicted, and as an introduction to the strangers among whom she proposed to reside, promptly furnished a number of letters, which she hesitates even to permit us to use in this work. Thinking that some

of the writers, who are prominent in social and business life, might not care to allow their names to appear in print as endorsing a spiritual healer, she insists that we shall designate the letters by numbers, with the assurance that if any one who would like to question the writers of these letters further will address "Dr. Nellie C. Beighle, San Francisco," she will obtain the consent of the writers to furnish their address.

[NUMBER ONE.]

LA DOCTORCITA.

Soothing tired nerves,
Curing many ills,
Making lovely blisters,
But giving us no pills;
Though the blisters burn
When they can't be seen,
We love our "Little Doctor,"
She's our little Queen.

With her wondrous arm,
Gifted from on high,
She brings the angel forces
'Til we feel them nigh.
The colors of our flag,
Are in her face so sweet.
We love our " Little Doctor."
And by our love entreat
That she will not desert us,
But quickly come again
To those whose love is stronger
Than can be told by pen.
The blessings of the many,
Whom from pain and death she's saved,
Will gleam along her pathway,
How we wish with gold 'twere paved.
The voices of glad children,
From iron bands set free,
Call blessings on our Doctor,
And don't forget " I. C."

With love,

(Signed)

[NUMBER TWO.]

SAN FRANCISCO, August 12, 1892.

MY GOOD DR. BEIGHLE:—As you are about to leave the city, and the time of your return is somewhat uncertain, permit me to avail myself of the opportunity to express to you my lasting obligations for the wonderful cure your magic power has effected, not only in my own person, but also in that of my daughter Alice.

Your hand has entirely removed from my eyes the pains of seventeen years' standing. At first I found that my respite was only temporary, but nearly two years have now passed since it left me at your bidding, and the thought of its returning has entirely passed out of my mind.

My little Alice, who, as you will remember, was afflicted with curvature of the spine, is entirely recovered, a act which certainly speaks marvelously

well for a treatment of but about six weeks.

You will please pardon me for offering this testimonial of your successful treatment. I am not in the habit of committing such matters to writing, having no desire for such notoriety, but a sense of both gratitude and justice compel me to say this much to you by way of leave taking.

Yours with exceeding sincerity,

(Signed)

[NUMBER THREE.]

SAN FRANCISCO, August 16, 1892.

DR. NELLIE BEIGHLE—

DEAR MADAM—As you are about to visit other lands and mingle with strangers who have never known the wonderful healing power you possess, and with what accuracy you are capable of diagnosing diseases, I deem it my

duty to simply state what you have done for me.

While serving with my regiment in Virginia during the late war, I was discharged therefrom a physical wreck, suffering from a complication of disorders, such as nervous prostration, enlarged liver, and kidney trouble, called one disease by one physician and something else by another. For the past twenty-eight years I have received medical treatment without any permanent favorable result, when last winter, while assisting an invalid friend of mine to and from your office, he persuaded me to undergo an examination, and as you readily located my disease, stating you could remove the same without the aid of medicine, I at once commenced treatment with beneficial results from the first, until now, I am pleased to state, my health is entirely restored solely by your treatment.

Dr. Beighle, words are inadequate to express the debt of gratitude I owe you for what you have done for me, and I know the many patients who have thronged your office will join me in saying, "God speed you in your new field of labor for the alleviation of suffering humanity."

Very respectfully, etc.

(Signed)

[NUMBER FOUR.]

SAN FRANCISCO, August 24, 1892.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—Words are inadequate to express the abundance of gratitude I feel towards you for the benefits I have derived from your extraordinary, and to me, wonderful, treatments.

Whatever the "Power" is that you possess, or whence it comes from—can

only be regarded as a blessing to the suffering human race.

One year ago to-day, life was a drag and a burden. The physicians that I consulted advised change of climate, etc.; exile from home and my profession seemed necessary until I met you, and without a drop of medicine and remaining home working daily, under your treatment, I consider my life has been saved and my health almost restored within six months, and to-day, pain is a stranger to me.

I have without hesitation recommended you to many of my friends, and those that had the good sense to continue their treatments have, like myself, been benefited.

I wish you success, and trust the poor sufferers who are yet to know you, will realize the magic of your power.

Ever your humble servant,

(Signed)

[NUMBER FIVE.]

SAN FRANCISCO, September 5, 1892.

MRS. DR. BEIGHLE—

DEAR MADAM:—Being aware of your intention to travel for rest from your recent arduous practice, and that you will in all probability be thrown among strangers who will need your professional services, but in their ignorance will be unable to appreciate what you are able to do for them, I take the liberty of giving you this testimonial, which I trust will be the means in some degree of helping you, as well as some poor unfortunates who are suffering some chronic ailment which has baffled the most skillful physicians.

I have been engaged in the practice of medicine and surgery for about eighteen years, principally on this coast, and being a sincere follower of Esculapius have been hard to convert to the

belief that there was any virtue in any means outside of my profession, but I can now conscientiously testify, after having witnessed your treatment day after day for several weeks, that you have performed some of the most wonderful cures. I presume that during my visits to your office of about six weeks, you must have treated over fifty patients, and in no instance have you failed to wonderfully relieve, and in most instances cure them.

I was suffering from what is called a stiff neck—a few minutes manipulating by you cured me entirely and I have not suffered since. And notwithstanding anything that may be said to the contrary, I know that you are gifted with wonderful healing powers, and as I have said, I am convinced of this fact from personal experience and observation.

Hoping, my dear Doctor, that these few lines will be the means of bringing

to you those who suffer—if only one I shall be more than repaid.

May God grant you health and a pleasant voyage, and soon return to your many friends and patients.

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed)

[NUMBER SIX.]

OAKLAND, September 11, 1892.

MY DEAR MRS. BEIGHLE:—When I think of your leaving San Francisco I wonder if there was ever any one person who will be so widely missed as you. None but those who know you and what your work has been, can estimate in the least your loss to the community.

You, more than any other person I have ever known, have proved yourself a true and faithful follower of Christ, in that you have always been ready to sacrifice your own comfort, and even to

risk your health, to administer to the health and comfort of those who were suffering. I know how you have gone out in the early morning hours and in the late evening, through all sorts of weather, to relieve those who were suffering, receiving nothing in return often but the consciousness of having helped the needy and suffering. But a small part of the good you have done has come under my observation, and yet I have known enough of your work and the marvelous cures you have effected by the magic touch of that little hand, to recognize, as you do, that yours is a *divine gift of healing*.

To know you has been to believe in and to love you. Your truth, purity, and devotion to right have ennobled and made better all who have had the privilege of coming under your care.

Yes, you will be missed greatly here, but we must not be selfish. Go out

into the world, help others who have not known you, show them what one little woman under divine direction may do for humanity. And may the blessings of divine love follow and preserve you ever, is the wish of

Your loving friend,
(Signed)

[NUMBER SEVEN.]

SAN FRANCISCO, August 8, 1892.

DOCTOR NELLIE BEIGHLE—

MY DEAR MADAM:—Learning you are about to leave San Francisco for a professional trip to the Southern part of this State and adjoining States, allow me to present (through you) this token of my esteem of your worthy self to any and all persons in interest to obtain true health.

You have been my family physician

for several years—have carried (with the assistance of the unseen ones who control and guide you) my dear wife, as well as myself, through very severe attacks of illness, and restored us to a better condition of health than we have enjoyed for years.

I feel convinced that neither of us would at present be upon this earth but for the treatments bestowed upon us by your *wonderful hand*, guided by your unseen control.

I recommend you to all suffering humanity with the strongest feelings that if your control pronounces their case hopeful, you will perform all they promise.

I am, my dear madam,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed)

[NUMBER EIGHT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, August 26, 1892.

DEAR MRS. DR. BEIGHLE:—Words cannot express my gratitude for the benefit I received while under your treatment.

Your power to *me* has been simply marvelous, as I have witnessed so many cures performed by *you* which were pronounced hopeless over and over again by others. The more I think of it, the more I am convinced that the gift has been wisely bestowed, for you give as freely as you receive without distinction of race or color. And as you go from us with your precious healing powers, you also go laden with our love and wishes for success, which you so richly deserve personally as well as professionally. Lovingly,

(Signed)

[NUMBER NINE.]

BERKELEY, August 18, 1892.

DR. NELLIE BEIGHLE—

DEAR DOCTOR:—I am unwilling you should leave California (as I learn you propose doing) without a slight testimonial from me, and a grateful acknowledgment of benefits received that mere gold can never repay. My present freedom from pain, with the cheering prospect of complete restoration to health in the near future, is, I believe, entirely due to your wonderful healing power.

For several years I have been a great sufferer from a diseased liver and its attendant ills. The two past years I have been unable to attend to my business—much of the time confined to my bed, suffering most excruciating pains in the spinal cord and sciatic nerve. Physicians had exerted all their skill in their

vain efforts to cure. Though somewhat relieved at times, and even able to get about a little with the aid of a cane, the slightest over-exertion was sure to bring on a relapse of my old torture.

All my friends considered my case beyond the reach of medical science. I had seemingly exhausted the whole catalogue of remedies in the fruitless struggle for relief, and had long given up the entire use of medicine as utterly useless in my case.

It was only three months ago I heard of you and the wonderful cures you were performing, and at once placed myself under your treatment. Though commenced with little faith or hope on my part, the result was little less than marvelous. The first two weeks I received your treatment daily (Sundays excepted), afterwards on alternate days. At the expiration of six weeks (at which time you had predicted a cure) my liver—

badly ulcerated for years—appeared to be perfectly sound and in healthy action. My spine was all right—the sciatic pains were gone and a thrill of life, unfelt for years, pervaded my whole being.

Now, just how or by what *Power* this was done, I know not, but this I do know: that whereas I was helplessly, hopelessly sick, I am now, if not a well man, at least on the high road to health, with every prospect of retaining it. True, your treatment necessarily left me still weak and enfeebled by my long and debilitating sickness, but I was free from pain and felt altogether a new man —or an old one pretty well made over.

It seemed too wonderful to be true, or at least to last. But as I rapidly gained new strength and flesh, with returning appetite, and no return of my old enemy, I wanted to—well, I felt like holding a hallelujah meeting all by myself, and a pretty enthusiastic one, too.

That a change for the better has been suddenly wrought in me, all my friends can testify. They simply know the fact, and can only wonder and say—"How strange!"

And now, dear Doctor, allow me to wish you God-speed in your proposed journey and the full fruition of all your hopes. And be assured that of the host of friends you leave behind, whose kindly wishes will follow you wherever you may go, none will hold you in more grateful remembrance than

Your sincere friend,

(Signed)

[NUMBER TEN.]

SAN FRANCISCO, September 5, 1892.

DR. BEIGHLE—

DEAR FRIEND:—It is with pleasure and gratitude that I give this testimonial, for I feel that you have done for me

what no doctor on earth could have done.

For over ten years I have suffered with a pain in my left side and arm, and consulted some of the best physicians who all treated me for rheumatism. I had the electric battery applied for two months, but it was of no use.

The pains in my left side seemed to be getting worse, when accidentally I heard about your God-given power, and the result was that I was examined and took treatment. I noticed the change after a month's treatment, and now, after three months' treatment, the pains have almost all left me, and I am thankful to say I think you have done for me more than all the doctors could have done.

I seldom feel a pain now—before treatment I had pains almost continually.

Yours most truly,

(Signed)

[NUMBER ELEVEN.]

SAN JOSE, CAL., September 9, 1892.

DR. NELLIE BEIGHLE—

DEAR DOCTOR:—Hearing that you have been receiving testimonials from a number you have cured, I take pleasure in telling of what I consider a wonderful cure of my wife some eight years ago.

It was at a critical period of her life. We had several first-class physicians prescribe for her, but none seemed to do her any good, and she was failing rapidly until kind Providence directed us to you.

After one week's treatment by you there was a remarkable change for the better, and it was not long thereafter before she was entirely cured of the disease which no physician seemed to understand. Your diagnosis of the case was perfect in every respect, and I feel

like saying to you, "God bless you for what you have done for my wife."

Sincerely yours,

(Signed)

[NUMBER TWELVE.]

LOS ANGELES, CAL., September 24, 1890.

TO WHOM CONCERNED:—I would state that I am a conductor on the Southern California Railway, and that on October 11, 1889, I met with a serious accident, whereby my left foot was terribly crushed through the ball. Was attended by the company's physician here, and two months after the injury, when the foot to all outward appearances was almost entirely healed, they were compelled to cut it open, and removed seventeen pieces of broken bone from the ball and big toe joint. I then lost confidence in our doctors here, and Dr. Nellie Beighle being highly recom-

mended to me, I determined to give her a trial. On December 19th, I arrived in San Francisco. The "Little Doctor" made a diagnosis of the case without any questions, or even the removal of bandages, and pronounced the trouble to be black inflammation around the bones, bordering on mortification. The fifth treatment drew black clotted blood from around the bones, and in three weeks from the first treatment was able to walk without the assistance of cane or crutch. Took five weeks' treatment, and sincerely feel that it was her wonderful gift and power that saved my foot, and to-day hold the "Little Doctor" in the highest appreciation and esteem for her kindness and true worth to her patients, and would say to one and all that when she fails to help, that I truly feel there is little or no hope of any one else doing so.

Respectfully,

(Signed)

[NUMBER THIRTEEN.]

MODESTO, September 7, 1890.

For ten years I had been a great sufferer from heart trouble, and had consulted and taken treatments from leading physicians of San Francisco and Stockton, but without relief, and had given up all hopes of ever getting well, when I was recommended to Mrs. Dr. Beighle, and placed myself under her care.

She has entirely cured me of spasms of the heart, also nervousness, and I have had no return of the trouble since.

I would recommend her to all who are suffering from disease; she will tell you the truth if there is a cure—she is a perfect little lady.

I will never forget her, and I hope God will keep her in good health, and that she will retain her power for many, many years is the wish of one of her many patients. (Signed)

[NUMBER FOURTEEN.]

September 29, 1890.

DEAR DR. BEIGHLE:—You must excuse my not calling upon you oftener to express my thanks to you. Many and constant engagements must be my excuse. But I feel my obligation to you and my appreciation of your services to Mrs. H. just as much as if I called every day to speak of them to you.

Your treatment is inexplicably powerful in its effects upon her except upon the principle that you are aided in a way that is not ordinarily understood among medical practitioners, not to speak of men in general.

The effects I speak of are immediate as well as powerful. It has seemed, during the last twelve months, as if, whenever Mrs. H. is out of health, she has nothing to do but come and see you, and she returns to her home a new being.

I should like to know how it comes to pass that you are thus privileged to have access to the fountain of life, but probably you scarcely know how it is yourself. However, the fact is there, you renew Mrs. H.'s youth as I have never known anyone else or anything else. I am glad that there are some powers that worldly wealth cannot purchase, and I am glad, too, from what Mrs. H. so often says of your beautiful and generous nature, that you possess one of them.

I am, yours very truly,
(Signed)

[NUMBER FIFTEEN.]

ALAMEDA, September 13, 1890.

MRS. DR. BEIGHLE—

DEAR FRIEND:—Your note received asking about my eyes. *I am completely well*, a happy condition which I had

feared could never be possible again, and this is certainly almost wholly due to the course of treatment given me by you, as rest alone did not seem to help me.

Thinking over the *why* of this cure, I am confident there is a transmission from you to your patients of the life principle (or electro-magnetic current).

This is a phenomenon well established in medical science, but usually the transmission of this force, while helping the patient, correspondingly weakens the practitioner. The phenomenon to me, therefore, is not that you have helped me and others in this way, as you undeniably have, but that you have done so without weakening yourself.

Possibly scientific research will in the future explain the phenomenon, but it does exist, and with you in a remarkable degree, in proof of which I write this without my glasses. *Money does*

not pay such an obligation, and I shall always feel in your debt.

Sincerely your friend,
(Signed)

[NUMBER SIXTEEN.]

ALAMEDA, August 18, 1892.

MRS. DR. BEIGHLE:—A little over five years ago I was brought to you for treatment, as I could not get to your office alone.

I was in a very bad condition, suffering with my kidneys, bladder and rheumatism in my arms and shoulders. I had been subject to sick headache all my life and was frequently taken with a choking spell very much resembling croup. In fact, all doctors who attended me when suffering from that cause, pronounced it croup.

You told me differently and explained the cause. You said you could remove

it, *and you did.* I can assure you, I was never so surprised in my life when you told me I was affected in that manner, as you had never seen or heard of me before.

Since your treatment I have been entirely well, and have full confidence that I will never have a return of either sick headache or that choking in my throat.

I am now sixty-five years of age and can assure you, dear madam, that there can be no healthier man living than your ever, Grateful friend,

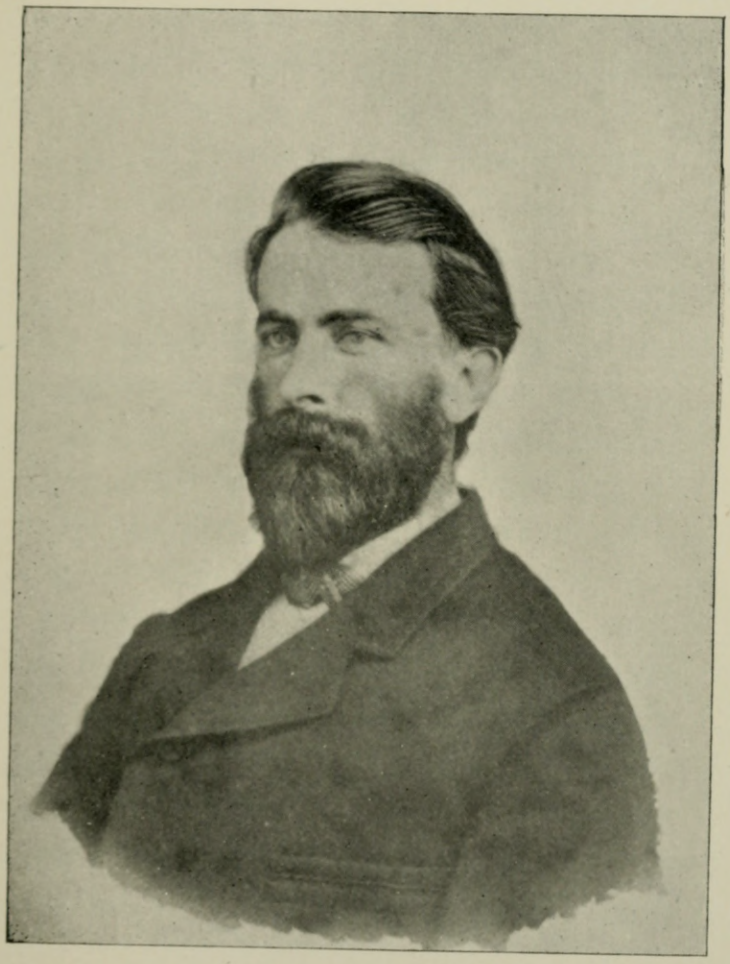
(Signed)

[NUMBER SEVENTEEN.]

SAN FRANCISCO, February 8, 1892.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:— That I, the undersigned, was doing business in the town of Ophir, Placer County, Cal., the year 1890. The

month of July I was sunstruck, and within six weeks after that time I was overcome with the heat twice. During this time I would stagger when I attempted to walk, as though I were drunk. I became so weak I went to San Francisco for medical aid. I called on Dr. ——; he experimented on me four days and called my complaint nervous prostration; said I should move into a cool climate. I came to San Francisco finally and started business with the belief that I could build myself up, as I had an unnatural appetite. I was treated by the Doctor two months and continued to get weaker all the time —my head and back ached. Some nights I could not sleep at all, the pain was so severe. I went to other doctors during the summer of 1891, but could not get a positive answer whether they could give me any relief or not, but called it nervous prostration. I finally



SPIRIT CHARLES FARNHAM.

SEE PAGE 120.

became so weak that I could not raise my head. Then I quit business, as I believed, forever.

I heard of the Oriental Medical Syndicate—I went there. The chief examiner said I could be cured. He had me go to see the surgeon-in chief—he asked many questions and finally came to the conclusion that my trouble was nervous prostration, and if I would play gentleman six or eight years, do nothing to excite my nerves or brain and take medicine all the time, I might get well—nothing sure. I said to myself—"Goodbye to medical science." A short time after that I called on a friend, Mr. Lamb, master-mechanic of the P. & O. R. R. In talking with him, he advised me to go to Doctor Nellie Beighle. Mr. Lamb told me what condition he was in and how well Dr. Beighle described his condition after examination; that he began to take treatments of the Doctor at once

and was able to go to work in a very short time, and that the Doctor diagnosed diseases without asking questions. When I learned that was the case, I went to Dr. Beighle the same day, as I believed there was a chance for me yet. The Doctor examined me, told me where the seat of my trouble was and the cause of same; she said she would cure me in six or eight weeks. I began treatments the second day of December, and in eight weeks' time I felt as well as I ever did in my life, and furthermore, I gained ten pounds in flesh during the treatment. The Doctor says in three months from this time, I will be safe in knocking a man down; I can do it now, and don't you forget it.

I shall bless the day as long as I live that I went to Doctor Nellie Beighle. She saved me from a premature grave, or worse, a raving maniac, which some of the doctors said was my fate.

I would advise any one who is suffering for the want of proper treatment, and who would like to get well, to go to Dr. Nellie Beighle. I am sure if anyone can effect cures, she can.

(Signed)

P. S.—Dr. Nellie Beighle, you are at liberty to do with this letter or statement as you like.

Respectfully,

(Signed)

[NUMBER EIGHTEEN.]

SAN FRANCISCO, August 8, 1892.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—Before your departure for the East, I deemed it only right that I should express to you my gratitude for the wondrous power you have shown in the treatment of disease, so far as it appertains to myself.

This is to certify that you have cured

me of sciatic rheumatism, and of neuralgia of the stomach. After a friendship of seventeen years I have always found you conscientious, and can say that I know that no mechanical power is used in the treatment of disease.

The marvelous cures performed by you attest more strongly than words to your wondrous curative faculties, and place you among the marvels of the age. Sincerely your friend,

(Signed)

[NUMBER NINETEEN.]

APTOS, August 15, 1892.

MY DEAR DR. BEIGHLE:—We are sorry to learn that you are intending to leave us for another locality, and we want to express to you (as far as words can) our appreciation of your wonderful power in the treatment of the sick.

Yours is a supernatural gift and is a

blessing to the world. I do not believe that there is another such gifted healer in the world. Your case of my husband seems a miracle, and the relief which you always afford me in nervous prostration and other disorders is almost instantaneous.

We hope that all blessings may follow you in your new field of labor. We are sorry to part with you, but our loss is others' gain.

Yours in the bond of friendship,
(Signed)

[NUMBER TWENTY.]

SAN FRANCISCO, August 21, 1892.

DR. NELLIE BEIGHLE—

DEAR MADAM:—I herewith wish to acknowledge the great benefit I received from your treatment, you having cured me of a disease of which my family physician was entirely unaware.

I deem your diagnosis as something wonderful, and I am enjoying better health than for many years, and I feel that such could not have been the case had those gall-stones remained in my system until this time.

I hear of many wonderful cures through your mediumship, and you must be somewhat elated when you look over your record the past fourteen years.

What shall we say of Christians, who claim to follow Christ, but have not the power to heal, and it is left to the much-despised Spiritual Medium to do His work? He taught the disciples to heal, but who ever heard of an orthodox preacher curing the simplest ailment by the simple touch of his hand?

I hope that right hand of yours will continue to give relief to many sufferers, and that your other spiritual powers will be instrumental in removing the dark

pall of superstition that has so long hung over the minds and hearts of the people. Most gratefully and truly,

(Signed)

[NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.]

OAKLAND, September 4, 1892.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—This is to certify that Mrs. Dr. Nellie Beighle, of San Francisco, is the one who has saved the life of my little boy, who was afflicted with a bad case of hip-disease.

After being given up by some of the best physicians of the country, we came to the conclusion that we would try the hot springs, which proved little or no good.

Then the last, but not the least, we thought we would try the virtue of laying on of hands, and after the first treatment the child was able to be dressed

and taken to the doctor's office where he has been successfully treated.

He could not move or be moved when the doctor took him, only as we pulled him on a sheet in bed, and, with no bad luck, we expect to see him in his usual good health.

The child was afflicted two years before the doctor took him as a patient, and was a very bad cripple.

Respectfully yours,
(Signed)

[NUMBER TWENTY–TWO.]

For twenty years I have been troubled with dropsy. I tried patent medicines without getting any relief. I could not count the different doctors that I tried. They finally gave me up, saying there was no help for me. I felt that I had but a short time to live, and as a last resort, I placed myself under the

treatment of Doctor Nellie Beighle. I have been under her care three months and feel that I am now a well woman.

I most heartily recommend her to the sick and suffering, and especially to those who have tried other means without avail. (Signed)

[NUMBER TWENTY-THREE.]

SAN FRANCISCO, September 8, 1892.

Cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Nellie Beighle's wonderful power, after what she has done for me, and heartily recommend anyone to her, knowing full well without the aid of medicine she can restore the most obstinate case.

(Signed)

[NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR.]

SAN FRANCISCO, May 2, 1882.

MRS. DR. N. BEIGHLE—

DEAR MADAM:—I desire to say that when I came to you for treatment, I

had been a sufferer with neuralgia for at least ten years, hardly a week passing without having a severe attack. After being treated by you about a dozen times, the attacks ceased altogether. I had previously tried about all the remedies known, but all without effect.

I was always a non-believer in magnetic healing, but I am now thoroughly convinced that it is "*the remedy*."

You will probably hear from my wife in a few days, as I consider you saved her life when the ordinary physicians gave her up.

With many thanks, I remain,

Yours truly,

(Signed)

[NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE.]

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1887.

MRS. DR. N. BEIGHLE—

DEAR MADAM:—I have been intending to call and see you, to express my

sincere thanks for the treatment you gave me. Before I came to you I had been suffering with inflammatory rheumatism night and day. I had tried three physicians, but could get no relief, and had also taken so much medicine that I could not retain any more—in fact, the physicians had given me up.

Since your treatment I have never felt the slightest touch of rheumatism.

In closing, I desire to say that my husband considered your bill very reasonable, and takes great pleasure in telling people about your *wonderful cures.*

With best regards, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

(Signed)

[NUMBER TWENTY-SIX.]

MRS. DR. NELLIE BEIGHLE—

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—After having suffered for about three years with my

head, and going to all the best doctors, who relieved me only for a few days, I was recommended to you.

I was not to be trusted out alone, as I would fall wherever I was. And now I consider myself a well woman, thanks to the dear "Little Doctor" and the God who gave her the power.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed)

[NUMBER TWENTY–SEVEN.]

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
September 26, 1892.

MY DEAR MRS. BEIGHLE:—I have very much pleasure in certifying that I received very great benefit from treatments I received from you for nervousness, some time since, and that my wife has also been benefited by receiving treatment from you at different times.

My wife's little nephew, Weir Ander-

son, who had a stroke of infantile paralysis several years ago which left him with one leg entirely useless, has been very much helped by your treatments, being able to discard one crutch entirely.

I shall be very pleased, indeed, at any time, to recommend any one you may refer to me, to your good services and the power of your right arm, which, experience has taught us, is very effectual.

With very kind regards, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed)

[NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT.]

BOSTON, MASS., December 19, 1888.

DR. NELLIE BEIGHLE, San Francisco, Cal.—

ESTEEMED MADAM:—Prof. J. Rhodes Buchanan, M. D., has called my atten-

tion to your withering reply to the Secretary of the California Board of Bigots, as published in the *Golden Gate.*

I write to thank you for contributing this cutting bit of sarcasm to the cause of constitutional liberty.

Will send you samples of the *Liberator*, hoping thereby to interest yourself and friends in the cause in which we have so much pride and pleasure.

We shall put your letter in ten thousand hands—hands governed by principle instead of prejudice—people who will put it where it will do the most good.

Should be pleased to receive from yourself and friends, bits of news, clippings and contributions, concerning the invasions of constitutional liberty or its triumphs.

Very respectfully yours,

(Signed)

[NUMBER TWENTY-NINE.]

SAN FRANCISCO, October 21, 1892.

DR. BEIGHLE:—I can assure you it gives me a great pleasure to be able to say a few words about your wonderful mediumship and wonderful spirit power. I am very much pleased in being one of your patients. I know you have helped me wonderfully. Being a Spiritualist, I am better capable of appreciating the great work of your noble band of spirits, and the great work you are doing for suffering humanity; and doing it so nobly and faithfully, you deserve great credit. You treat everybody alike. You make no distinction between rich and poor, and you teach the world a lesson that speaks volumes for itself.

Yours truly,

(Signed)

LITTLE HARRY BROWN.

PROBABLY the most remarkable case ever brought under treatment of the "Little Doctor" was that of a five-year-old boy, named Harry Brown. This little boy was brought to her in the fall of 1892. He had been treated for hip-disease by a regular physician of the old school, until the means of the parents, who were in humble circumstances, were exhausted. Harry's right leg was then three and one-half inches shorter than the left. It was small and shriveled and entirely useless. His physician had had an iron frame, or cage, made to hold the limb in place, which the child was obliged to wear night and day, and the leg had been cruelly plastered and blistered, causing great suffer-

ing, but all to no purpose. The child had not stepped his weight upon the leg for about three years, and there was every indication that it would never be of any use to him. His physician said that a surgical operation at the thigh, of a kind that he described, might save the leg. In this condition Harry was brought to the "Little Doctor." His parents assured her that they were unable to pay for treatment, but that made no more difference with her than it did with her illustrious Prototype who went about healing the sick and doing good among the poor fishermen on the shore of the Sea of Galilee. She proceeded to examine the case. She said at once that there was no disease of the hip there, and that the treatment had been all wrong; that the trouble was in a strained

and injured nerve of the leg. She took off the iron cage from the leg, removed the plasters, and gave him a thorough treatment with her electric hand. She then told Harry to get up and walk, *and he did so*, a little awkwardly at first; but with a few more treatments he was pronounced permanently cured. The leg commenced growing rapidly and filling out, until at this writing, about four months after the first treatment, the leg is completely restored to its normal condition. Harry was brought to the writer on the eighth day of April, 1893. We found him a bright, beautiful little boy, without the slightest limp that we could discover in his walk. He thinks his "Little Doctor" is the best doctor in all the world. His parents, too, and the friends and neighbors familiar with the case, look upon the marvelous effect of her treatment as a miracle.

FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.

AMONG the "Spirit Messages" in the late *Better Way*, published in Cincinnati, Ohio, given through the mediumship of Henry H. Warner, is one from Henry Beighle, father of the husband of Dr. Nellie Beighle, referring to the "Little Doctor:"

I do not know whether many of the people in San Francisco will remember me or not, but there is one who will, and to her I say, Nellie, dear heart, you need not fear, for there is a band of faithful workers who have ever stood by your side in the dark hours of the past, when sorrow and affliction were your portion, and shall we desert you now when you are so near the haven of rest? No! We draw still closer around you and eve

strengthen you with our presence. This is the symbol that is given to us for you: A wreath of laurel leaves, among which are twined blossoms of heart's-ease, sweet mignonette, and lilies of the valley; the laurel is the emblem of your victory over all opposition; the heart's-ease is what you have been to many weary travelers on life's highway; the mignonette, the sweet incense of love and harmony that you are continually giving unto others; and the lilies typify the music of the spiritual realms to which your heart is ever attuned. May you ever realize the presence of the angel loved ones near you to guide and sustain you. To Mrs. Dr. Beighle, San Francisco.

DR. BEIGHLE'S GUIDES.

THE friends of the "Little Doctor" will no doubt be glad to learn something about her spirit guides, who are her constant attendants when she is engaged in her work of healing. Sir Astley Paston Cooper, her medical expert and guide, was born in the village of Brooke, in Norfolk, England, August 23, 1768. His father, Dr. Cooper, was a clergyman of the Church of England; his mother was the author of several novels. At the age of sixteen he was sent to London and placed under Dr. Cline, surgeon to St. Thomas Hospital. From the first he devoted himself to the study of anatomy and surgery. In 1784, when only twenty-one years of age, he was appointed demonstrator of anatomy

at St. Thomas Hospital. He rapidly rose to eminence in his profession, and published several works on various branches of surgery. His chief works are medical records and researches. So great had his fame increased that in 1813 his annual professional income amounted to £21,000 sterling, a vast sum in those days. In 1820 he removed a steatomatous tumor from the head of George IV, and about six months later he was created a baron. Many orders and honors were conferred upon him by various colleges and societies, and he was subsequently appointed surgeon to the king. He passed to the other life, February 12, 1841, at the age of seventy-three. His was a singularly gentle nature, a thorough student in his noble profession, and a most fitting spirit to

guide our "Little Doctor" in her work. We give a good likeness of this renowned physician elsewhere in this volume. If for any reason he cannot be present with his medium when his presence is required, he invariably designates some competent spirit physician to act for him. In fact he has many competent assistants working in harmony with him, who are ever ready to aid him in any work he may require, thus demonstrating that the spirit world is a very busy world. There is no room for idlers there.

The mother of the "Little Doctor" is another of her guides, and most constant attendant. She passed on at the age of forty-six. She was the mother of twelve children, eight of whom are still living. Her husband was a lawyer, in earlier

years a man of wealth and eminence in his profession. Both parents were devout religionists of the strictest Presbyterian faith. A likeness of the mother we give herewith.

The last, but not the least important, member of her band is Charles H. Farnham, a near and dear friend of the Doctor, whose likeness is also given. He came to her in spirit announcing his death, and as a test of his identity informed her of the sudden death, from a fall, of his stepmother. The Doctor was shortly thereafter informed by mail of the facts as he had stated, and concerning which she could have had no mortal knowledge. The work of this guide is singularly important. He manages and keeps in order the spirit telephone whereby the "Little Doctor" is

able to communicate directly with her guides and other spirits. The voices sound to her like voices spoken through a telephone. In difficult cases where Dr. Cooper calls in other spirit physicians for consultation, she often hears their interesting discussions on the case. Charley is always on hand when required, and is a great favorite with her intimate friends on both sides of life. And thus he is faithfully doing his work in spirit, and working out his unfoldment in the pathway of eternal progression.

There is something beautiful in the idea that spirits who pass to the other life before their earthwork is accomplished, are thus able to return to earth and complete their tasks, and thereby they round out their lives, and fit themselves for more rapid advancement in the hereafter.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

SOME most remarkable tests of spirit identity and presence have been given through the "Little Doctor" at various times. In fact, scarcely a day passes that some striking test is not given through her psychic power.

In one instance she had been sent for to treat a very sick girl. Her guides informed her that it was too late, as the girl had passed over to the other side. Shortly thereafter she received the following telegram: "Too late. Effie died at half past one."

"Last night at six," she said to the writer a few days ago, "I picked up a small hand mirror that had been presented to me by a dear friend residing across the bay, when instantly loud raps

appeared upon the table, and I felt the presence of my friend. The following day I received a letter from her in which I was informed that while she was writing to me, at precisely the same time, she suddenly heard raps upon her table which brought to her the thought that I was at that moment thinking of her." So frequently do incidents of this character occur with her that they have ceased to be a novelty.

On one occasion she had promised to prepare a lunch for a friend who was about to depart for Colorado. He called upon her to advise her that he had given up his room and would take his departure that afternoon. Immediately she saw, clairvoyantly, written upon the wall the words: " No, not until the eighth day of April," which was three weeks later.

She told him what she saw. "Nonsense," he replied, "my business is all arranged and I shall leave to-day." But something prevented his going, as he intended, and he did not leave until the very day she predicted.

On another occasion, while treating a patient for disease of the bladder, she suddenly felt that two fingers of her right hand were dead and had dropped off. The sensation was so peculiar that she could not refrain from expressing astonishment thereat. The patient, equally astonished, exclaimed, "My God, Doctor, they are scraping the inside of my bladder," and from that moment the patient began to improve, and soon fully recovered.

One of her lady patients came to her room one day, accompanied by a lady

who was a stranger to her, and wished a diagnosis of her case, at the same time informing the Doctor that she was very skeptical on the subject of spirit healing. The Doctor gave her a correct diagnosis of her case, and also described a vision that opened to her eyes. She saw a vision of a house across the water and a woman in sore distress. She could see two pair of hands working over her, and thought they were the hands of two physicians. All seemed in great confusion. The vision disappeared, and she repeated it to her patient, who could not understand it. The vision appeared to her again, and she gave a description of the woman, and also of an attendant. The descriptions were that of a mother and sister of the patient. She also saw and gave the names of the two women,

and said that the physicians had just declared the trouble of the older woman to be cancer. The patient had never heard that her mother was afflicted with cancer, and thought that, with the exception of the names, which the Doctor had got hold of in some way, the vision was a deception. Two weeks later the lady brought a letter to the Doctor, and asked her if she remembered the vision she saw for her two weeks before. The Doctor replied that she never could forget it. She then read the letter, which informed her that her mother had been ill for some time, and that a council of physicians had been held, who pronounced her case cancer! It also appeared that the physicians had examined the mother's case on the very day, and at the precise time that the Doctor saw it. The patient was a skeptic no longer.

CONCLUSION.

IN drawing this humble tribute to the worth and merit of our "Little Doctor," as a woman and spiritual healer, to a close, it may not be amiss to devote a brief space to the philosophy of these cures.

Nature has many laws and resources which are yet but little understood. We live in a world of spirit forces, and are subject to conditions and influences, which, under intelligent guidance, can, no doubt, be made to so change the currents of our bodies as to alleviate most of the ills which they are heir to. Sickness is simply the physical body out of harmony with its environments. The spirit physician, fully understanding this fact, and understanding also

how to change or adjust the magnetic currents of the body so as to restore harmony, effects a cure often where the material physician would fail. And then the spirit healer, whose clairvoyant powers are well developed, can make no mistake as to the nature of the disease. The physical body is an open book to Dr. Beighle. She can see all of its intricate machinery and secret springs, and is thus prepared to determine exactly what is necessary to restore harmony of action of the diseased or affected parts.

Dr. Beighle is not allowed by her guides to treat virulent contagious diseases, such as the small pox and contagious fevers. While her guides are no doubt able to protect her from contracting these diseases, as they have

done in many instances, and also render valuable assistance to those afflicted therewith, they nevertheless choose to protect her from any evil consequences resulting from such treatment either to herself or friends.

Of course, the work of this remarkable healer can be nowheres understood and appreciated as it is in San Francisco, where she has devoted so many years to the treatment of disease. She has never had occasion to go elsewhere, as patients from various parts of the State come to her.

In the regular practice of the old systems of medicine, physicians with one-half her practice would become wealthy in a few years—own elegant homes, keep a carriage, servants, etc. But not so with the "Little Doctor."

There are too many claimants upon her charity, as well as her sympathy. When her office and family expenses do not absorb all of her income, the surplus is very apt to find employment in the alleviation of human suffering. To treat some poor and needy patient and furnish expenses for support at the same time, are too common with her to permit the accumulation of much of this world's goods or treasure in her hands. Her friends tell her that she is too unselfish for her own good. But it isn't her own good she is seeking. She is simply "doing her Master's work"—healing the sick and pouring the oil of joy upon bruised hearts. Money is nothing to her, save as a necessary means of meeting her business obligations, and feeding some

hungry mouth. If she possessed the wealth of an Astor or Vanderbilt, she would scatter it where it would do the most good, with a most lavish hand.

Of course this is not in accord with the ideas of the cold matter-of-fact world. Money grabbers do not do business in that way. The hard-headed old skinflint, who coins the blood and muscle of his fellow beings into ingots to enhance his stores, would, no doubt, think it a foolish neglect of opportunity in the "Little Doctor" not to utilize her gifts to the utmost for money-making powers! But she believes there are higher and nobler ends in life than the acquisition of wealth for heirs to wrangle over, and lawyers to divide among themselves. And so she doesn't care to encumber herself with any un-

necessary rubbish to weigh her spirit down when her earthly work is done and she is called by the angels she has so faithfully served, to come up higher. And here we will leave her in the hands of her guides, fully assured that when her life-work is over, she will enjoy the luxury of a beautiful home in the Summerland of the Soul.

"OUR LITTLE DOCTOR."

Thou angel ministrant of health,
What magic lies within thy hand!
Thy spirit gifts, what priceless wealth
Is placed at thy command!

The touch of sympathy and love
Goes with thy power, the sick to heal,
And solace from kind hearts above
The suffering soul may feel.

The lame arise, and cast aside
Their bonds, to stand henceforth alone,
In all the conscious strength and pride
Of health's most precious boon.

The blind behold the light again,
The deaf the voice of love can hear,
And the dark clouds of woe and pain
Are caused to disappear.

What service grander can there be
Than that which breaks the galling chain
And ushers into liberty
The body freed from pain?

Long may our "Little Doctor" live,
The world's sad side of life to cheer,
And of her "Balm of Gilead" give
To those who need her here.

If the good we do shall blossom forth
In blessings in the world to come,
What "pearly gates" and mansion grand
Will be her spirit home!